

The Musical World.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Terms of Subscription, per Annum, 16s.; Half year, 8s.; Three Months, 4s.; (Stamped Copies 1s. per Quarter extra). Payable in advance, to be forwarded by Money Order, to the Publishers, Myers & Co., 22, Tavistock-st., Covent Garden.

No. 40.—VOL. XXX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1854.

Price Fourpence.
Stamped Fivepence.

ALBERT SMITH NOT DROWNED.

ALBERT Smith is not drowned! No! that deep affliction hath escaped us. Albert Smith is spared to our longings. He is not drowned. The rapid waters of the Rhone have not drunk up his breath. The toothed fishes that float in the under gulfs have not made prey of his flesh. The cray-fish with their saw-claws, the muscles, winkles, and other crustacea, with which the waters of the Rhine do, or do not abound, have not gnawed morsels from his bones; neither have the jack-pikes banqueted on his garments. Albert is not drowned. Nor did he fall into the water. Had he been violently wrenched from us by the dastardly river, universal England would have been plunged into mourning. We do not go so far as a cotemporary, who says that Albert's loss would have been as severely felt as a late Marshal's—no, but we do say, that if Albert were removed from us—more especially by a Gallic river—it would be impossible to estimate the consequences. What! the Albert of our predilections, the Smith of our self-reconcilements, thus taken from us, as if he were of no more ado than a post captain, or a commander of marines, whose loss could be supplied in five minutes at the Admiralty—with thanks for the wind-fall! But what or who could supply Albert's place? Where could we procure another who could prose so amusingly, rhyme so skittishly, sing so chirpingly, talk so laughingly, mount so aspiringly, descend so fearlessly, entice an audience so continually, and make money so expeditiously? No where! Albert Smith is the centre of a large oval of admirers whom his death would have condemned to the black hole of sorrow and regret. But Albert is not drowned; Smith still lives, and is a prosperous gentleman. Rumor, which on ebony wings spread abroad the would-be-fatal news, lied in its throat, for which lie, however, we are ever bound to love and respect Rumor—not for having told the lie, but that the lie was a downright lie, an odious lie, upon my soul a lie. So much the better; a lie on such an occasion is worth a plenary of truths.

"But how," exclaims some one of our readers who has not heard the rumor, "how came Albert Smith to be not drowned?" Thus came it.

Albert in company with his brother was travelling up or down the Rhine—we do not know which—to Chambouni. It has not yet been ascertained upon what mission Albert was bound; whether to ascend another white mountain to exercise the talents of Beverley, and educate the universe

at Egyptian Hall; or whether to pick up a new Swiss entertainment, which, from Albert's graphic pen, would in interest out-tell Tell, we cannot tell. It might, or might not have been that Albert was merely recruiting the strength he expended in his comical efforts every evening at the Egyptian Hall, for the amusement and instruction of the million—but we rather think that Albert has always an eye to business, and that his present trip has another grand continental entertainment *in prospectu*, with which Albert intends to surprise Cockneydom in the forthcoming winter. Be this as it may, Albert, as rumor rumoured, was leaning pensively on the weather taffrail, abaft the binnacle of the steam-boat—*via* Chamouni—when the captain, calling from the paddle box, "stand by," the vessel gave a lurch to port, knocked Albert off of his melancholy equilibrium and pitched him over against the lee scuppers of the main sheet. Albert hung on by the back stay, and but for this it is supposed he must have fallen prostrate on the deck. As it was, he recovered his balance, and treated the whole affair as an excellent joke. Many of the passengers congratulated Albert on his narrow escape. It was subsequently conjectured that it must have been about the time when Albert lost his equilibrium, and was pitched against the lee scuppers of the main sheet, holding on by the backstay, that his pocket-book was jerked out of his paletot and fell into the water. This is the more credible as the coat-tails of a person, holding on by the backstay of a Rhine steam-boat, might very well be blown over the side of the vessel, and thus, if the pocket-book were jerked out, it must inevitably have fallen into the river. That the pocket-book fell into the water is beyond all probability of disputation; for it was picked up by a gentleman on the shore, and was soaked through with wet. The gentleman having found notes and gold, and Albert Smith's name inside the *porte monnaie*, very naturally took for granted that Albert and his brother were both drowned; and therewithal sent a paragraph by electric telegraph to the evening papers with the melancholy information, and despatched a messenger with the pocket-book, to Coutts's bank. The report of the death of Albert Smith and his brother first appeared in the *Sun*, and a third edition of the *Globe* was printed purposely to record the doleful intelligence. Nothing could exceed the consternation of all who heard and read the news. From Great Marlborough Street to Paternoster Row, London trembled like a magnetised needle. The magazines were in dismay, and publishers looked aghast. The public, less

interested, only saw in Albert "the way of all ovals and the idol of his own," and lamented his loss open-mouthed. Offices of newspapers were besieged all night, and the sale of the *Times* next morning rose several dozens in consequence. In the morning the fever of anxiety was somewhat allayed by sundry antiphlogistic paragraphs, which appeared in the papers, stating that Albert Smith had written home for a remittance, having lost his pocket-book; and the public health was completely restored soon after by communications from Albert himself, which were bulletined all over London.

Thus came it that Albert Smith was not drowned, and that it was his pocket-book only, with his name inside the cover, which fell into the waters of the Rhine, which would have for ever degraded itself, had it sucked out the sweet life of our own Albert.

Mark how propitious the fates have been to Albert! He is the very curled darling of Fortune! Was ever such a concatenation of lucky circumstances! On board a steam-boat, sailing down one of the largest rivers on the Continent, Albert drops a pocket-book into the water. This pocket-book, no doubt, contained a considerable sum of money. Belonging to any other individual in existence, the pocket-book would have sunk, and have been lost, inevitably. Not so with Albert Smith. The pocket-book floats, and is washed ashore. Belonging to any other individual in existence, the pocket-book, having been washed ashore, would have been found by some needy or dishonest person, and would never have been heard of. Not so with Albert Smith. The pocket-book is picked up by an honest and wealthy gentleman, who takes great care of Albert's treasure, and has it safely lodged in Coutts's bank. We repeat, Albert Smith is the petted child of Fortune, and no doubt he is grateful and full of thanks for her manifold blessings, as he ought to be.

Albert Smith is not drowned. He is safe and sound, picking up knowledge among the Alps, and taking hints from nature, that he may retail them at the Egyptian Hall. He will soon come back to longing London, and enliven the dreary long winter evenings with his chirp and his chatter. Had he been drowned in reality, in reality there is no knowing what would have been the result. Albert's place it would have been impossible to supply. Smith's loss would have been irretrievable. Where in the world could we have found a second ALBERT SMITH?

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Reporter.)

Continued from our last.

The second miscellaneous concert, on Wednesday-night, attracted an audience to St. Andrew's Hall very nearly as numerous as that of Tuesday. Mr. Benedict had provided another excellent and well-varied selection, and the name of

Madame Fiorentini was added to the list of principal singers. The programme was as follows:

PART I.

Pastoral Symphony...	Beethoven.
Duet—Madame Viardot Garcia and Herr Formes ("Faust")	Spohr.
Recitative and Aria, "Deh! parlare"—Madame Fiorentini	Cimarosa.
Scena—Mr. Sims Reeves ("Euryanthe")	Weber.
Variations—Miss L. Pyne	Auber.
Terzetto, "Tremate"—Madame Fiorentini, and Signors Gardoni and Belletti	Beethoven.
Air, "I am a Roamer," Mr. Weiss	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "Oh cara immagine"—Signor Gardoni	Mozart.
Aria, "Nobil Signor"—Miss Dolby	Meyerbeer.
Concertante, four violins—Messrs. Sainton, Blagrove, Day, and Cooper...	Maurer.
Scena and Aria—Madame Viardot Garcia ("Cenerentola")	Rossini.
Aria, with Chorus, "Possenti Numi"—Herr Formes	Mozart.

PART II.

Selections from "The Minnesinger"	Benedict.
Song, "O give me back"—Mr. Lockey	Hatton.
Aria, "Havvi un Dio"—Madame Fiorentini	Donizetti.
Quintett—Madame Viardot, Miss L. Pyne, Miss Dolby, Signor Gardoni, and Mr. Weiss	Niedermeyer.
Barcarola, "Sulla poppa"—Signor Belletti	Ricci.
Song, "O bid your faithful Ariel"—Miss Alleyne	Linley.
Glee, "Blow, gentle gales"—Miss L. Pyne, Miss Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, and Weiss	Bishop.
Coronation March ("Prophete")	Meyerbeer.

On appearing in the orchestra, Mr. Benedict was again honoured by a flattering reception. The Pastoral Symphony, one of the most picturesque and splendid of musical poems, was admirably played. We never remember the tempo of the *andante* in B flat (the "Rivulet") taken with nicer discrimination, nor the movement itself more perfectly executed. The village dance, and the storm, so graphically painted in the *scherzo*, completely enchaind the attention of the audience, who listened throughout this long and elaborate composition with as much interest and uninterrupted silence as though Mario or Jenny Lind had been singing all the while. Every movement of Beethoven's work was applauded; and at the end of each successive one the applause was louder and more general—a proof that, as the symphony progressed, the interest of the audience progressed with it. The duet from *Faust* (Act I)—a melodious and Mozartean inspiration—was sung with great smoothness and purity by Madame Viardot and Herr Formes; and Madame Fiorentini created a marked sensation in the elaborate *scena* from Cimarosa's oratorio, *Il Sacrificio d'Abramo*, to which her fresh and resonant *soprano* voice is well adapted. The oftener Sims Reeves sings "Soft Airs," from *Euryanthe*, the more likely is it to become popular; it is one of Weber's most beautiful tenor songs, and could not possibly be given with more taste and expression. Miss Pyne, in the *bravura* variations from the second act of the *Diamans de la Couronne*, thoroughly captivated the audience, who applauded and cheered her enthusiastically.

It was a genuine triumph for the clever young lady, who is rapidly attaining the highest position in her profession. In execution Miss L. Pyne lacks nothing; a little more warmth, and a little more of what is commonly termed "style," would place her on a level with any of her foreign

cotemporaries in the florid school of singing. These, if sought diligently, will be obtained, and we shall then be able to recognize in Miss L. Pyne, a perfect English *soprano*. Beethoven's fine trio was extremely well sung by Madame Fiorentini, Gardoni and Belletti, and evidently pleased the audience. We know no operatic trio which surpasses this. Nothing could more strongly indicate the dramatic genius of the composer, who, might, had his taste and inclination lain that way, have equalled Mozart in that domain of art where to this day the author of *Don Giovanni* is without a rival. The animated and delightfully humorous song of the pedlar, from Mendelssohn's comic operetta *Son and Stranger* (*Heimkehr*), was unanimously encored. Mr. Weiss sang it with a spirit, *entrain*, and power of voice that we have rarely heard him display, and the effect was irresistible. The two next pieces, "O cara immagine" (*Il Flauto Magico*) by Gardoni, and the air of Urbain (*Huguenots*) by Miss Dolby, were both perfect in their way. The brilliant but ephemeral concertante of Maurer, played as well as it could possibly be played by the four skilful violinists to whom it was intrusted, obtained, as it invariably does, immense applause. It is, nevertheless, a good show-piece, nothing better; and we should not be sorry if something new of the same character were to usurp its place, and banish it altogether from the concert-room, were, considering its slender merits, it has too long held undisputed sway.

Another unanimous encore was awarded to Madame Viardot in the *rondo finale* from *Cenerentola*. The *largo* was admirably declaimed, and the last variation of the *rondo* was faultless as an example of rapid *bravura* execution; but the alterations in the theme, before it has once been heard, were not in good taste, and defaced rather than adorned the melody. The solemn and magnificent air of Sarastro (*Flauto Magico*, Act I.) with its unearthly accompaniment of trombones, was sung by Herr Formes as no one else can sing it, and brought the first to a close with the greatest effect.

The feature of interest in Part II. was the selection from Mr. Benedict's MS. opera, the *Minnesinger*, performed for the first time. This comprised the overture; a romance, "As weeping on my breast she lay," a hunting chorus, "To the chase," and a ballad, "My home is in the peasant cot." The only fault of the selection was its brevity. Considering his acknowledged talents as a composer, and the high position he occupies at the Norwich festival, Mr. Benedict was entitled to give, and the audience to expect, more of his own music. Modesty is highly commendable, but when carried to an excess, without apparent reason, it is misplaced; and such was the case in the present instance. The overture to the *Minnesinger* is a vigorous orchestral prelude, instrumented with masterly completeness, and full of dramatic effect. Its general characteristics are lightness and brilliancy; but the beauty of the principal themes, and the skilful manner in which they are made to contrast with and relieve each other, give weight and coherency to the whole. The overture consists of a short *maestoso*, beginning in E flat minor, and a spirited *allegro* in the major key, developed at considerable length. The form is after the accepted models, which can never be safely departed from. The members of the band executed it with right good will, and testified their esteem for Mr. Benedict by their entire appreciation of his work. It was warmly applauded. The romance, "As weeping on my breast she lay," is very unpretending; but its melody is so graceful and so well fitted to the words, that

it cannot fail to please. Sims Reeves sang it to perfection, and it was re-demanded without a dissentient voice. The hunting piece, "To the chase!" is a brief but strongly-marked chorus, in E flat; and the ballad, "My home is in the peasant cot," sung by Miss L. Pyne, is founded upon the most striking theme in the overture. Both were well executed, and received with distinguished favour. The audience could have well put up, indeed, with some more pieces from the *Minnesinger*, which, if the specimens given may be relied upon as guarantees for the rest, is likely to be one of the best operas of Mr. Benedict. Mr. Hatton's ballad, chastely sung by Mr. Lockey, is more elegant than original; it, pleases, nevertheless, and Mr. Lockey has been justified in introducing it at all the festivals. The *aria* of the Duchess, one of the best things in *Maria di Rohan*, was remarkably well sung by Madame Fiorentini, who appears to be studying her art to excellent purpose. Her voice is more at her command than before; and she displayed an amount of feeling, and even of passion, in her execution of Donizetti's air, which encouraged great hopes of her progress as a dramatic singer. As a piece of legitimate vocalization, in which the artist combined a thorough command of his resources with a spirited and effective reading of the music intrusted to him, Belletti's execution of the barcarole from Ricci's opera, *La Prigione d'Edimburgo*, was not surpassed by anything in the concert. Never was a genuine and unanimous encore more honourably won. The quintet from Neidermeyer's *Marie Stuart* always pleases, because the venerable Scotch air, "Auld Lang Syne," is one of its principal themes. It has no other claim, however, to distinction; although, perhaps, as good as anything else in the feeble opera to which it belongs. This, and Bishop's time-honoured glee, were both well-executed. Miss Alleyne did her best with the antique song from the *Tempest*; and the pompous march from the *Prophète*, played with great animation, brought the concert to a stirring and effective climax. Although the performances did not terminate till a quarter of an hour before midnight, very few persons had quitted the hall, and there was no evidence of weariness—a marked testimony to the judgment and address with which Mr. Benedict had drawn up the programme. There was something to please all tastes; and the various pieces were placed with such a judicious eye to contrast, that they stood successively in strong relief to each other—a valuable secret in the construction of entertainments of this miscellaneous description. Nearly 800 tickets were sold for this concert.

The most densely crowded audience hitherto assembled at any of the performances filled St. Andrew's-hall on Thursday morning, to the walls. The attraction was the first performance of the new oratorio of *Jerusalem*, by Mr. Henry Hugh Pierson. The words have been exclusively taken from the Scriptures by the late Mr. William Sanerost Holmes. The oratorio is didactic, like that of Dr. Bexfield. "The object" of the composer, says the writer of an enthusiastic pamphlet entitled *Descriptive Analysis of Jerusalem*, "was to select a whole from the body of the sacred book, perfect in itself, and yet fitted to the highest purposes of music." "And it has been done," adds the writer in question, who in the course of his analysis, brings Mr. Pierson into favourable comparison with Handel, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn. How it has been done may be seen by the following digest of the scheme:—

"Part I.—Introduction or prologue. Christ foretells the destruction of Jerusalem. The crucifixion. Prophecy of Moses concerning the invasion and conquest of Judea by the Romans.

Prophetic warnings and denunciations, chiefly from Isaiah and Jeremiah. The fall of Jerusalem depicted.

"Part 2.—The destruction lamented, the restoration promised.

"Part 3.—Prophecies concerning the recall of the Jews from all countries where they are now living in a state of exile. The great battle of Armageddon (in 'the Valley of Decision') which will end in the total defeat of the armies attacking Jerusalem.

"The New Jerusalem. The last judgment. The salvation of the righteous. Doxology."

The first thing that suggests itself to the hearer in the music of Mr. Pierson is the evident desire of the composer to strike out a path for himself; the next, his inability to accomplish that object successfully. In avoiding the forms of the great masters Mr. Pierson has fallen into the extreme of having no form whatever. But it is not merely an intelligible plan that is wanting in almost every one of the forty-seven movements composing the oratorio of *Jerusalem*; Mr. Pierson equally sets at nought the accepted laws of rhythm, or, to speak more plainly, he has scarcely any intelligible rhythm, and thus his melodies or subjects seem to be made up of a multitude of beginnings, without middles or ends. In the matter of progressive harmony, or modulation, he also departs from the ordinary track, having no respect whatever for the natural relations of keys to each other. All this, at a first glance, when made the basis of a long and seemingly elaborate work, may pass, with superficial observers, for great depth and learning. It is our duty, however, to speak openly, and to declare that, instead of depth and learning, this kind of fragmentary and uncontinuous writing simply denotes a want of facility, arising from imperfect studies and impatience at the restraint of counterpoint, which, however dry and forbidding in the commencement, constitutes the only means of obtaining a complete mastery of the musician's art. That Mr. Pierson knows very little of counterpoint is evident from the few attempts at fugue and imitation to be found in *Jerusalem*, from the extremely unsatisfactory manner in which he passes from one key to another, from the number of sudden and ineffective transitions, and from his inability to remain for a reasonable number of bars in any one key. There is no sign of weakness and inexperience so sure as that restlessness which prevents a composer from being able to lay down his subjects in such a manner that the prevalence of some particular key shall give it, as it were, a home to rest in. Mr. Pierson belongs to the "word-painting" school, or the "aesthetic," as the admirers of Richard Wagner, Robert Schumann, &c., have dubbed it. We much regret, however, to find a man who evidently thinks seriously and writes *con amore* giving himself to a false idol, which, if worshipped universally, music would soon cease to be an art. It is the barrenness of the age that has created this school—an attempt to hide poverty of invention and insufficient knowledge under a deceptive veil of mystery, which, lifted up, discloses nothing but hollow outlines of a skeleton.

One of the longest oratorios ever written, *Jerusalem*, is also one of the most difficult to execute. The part-writing for the chorus and the vocal solos are equally intricate and ungrateful. The orchestration is a series of experiments, some successful, some the contrary; the whole perplexing, vague, and unaccountable. And yet, amid all this, there is a vast deal in the music of *Jerusalem* which shows an earnest mind, a feeling that would, if it could, express itself, and a continued aspiration after the lofty and ideal. We are convinced that

if Mr. Pierson would condescend to mould his ideas into symmetrical shape, to husband his effects instead of crowding them all together, he might yet shine in his art. In the course of his oratorio the interest is frequently raised by a striking and happy commencement, and as continually checked and disappointed by some rude and unexpected transition, which violently impels the ideas into a new channel, and leaves no fixed impression whatever. The oratorio did not conclude till past 4 o'clock (occupying no less than four hours and a half in performance). We have no time to enter into details about those pieces which appeared to us most worthy of attention, since they indicated most directly the good qualities we have noticed in Mr. Pierson, and upon which we found our hopes of his future career as a composer. All we can at present say of the performance is, that we have never heard so long and difficult a work executed, for the first time, with more care and precision. There were, we understand, no less than 65 rehearsals for the choruses, under the superintendence of Mr. Hill; but we believe that Mr. Benedict only enjoyed the advantage of one full rehearsal with the band (on Monday), and even then all the singers were not present. The principal vocalists were Madame Viardot Garcia; Misses Pyne, Dolby, and Alleyne; Messrs. Lockey, Sims Reeves, and Weiss; Signors Beletti, Gardoni, and Herr Formes. They all exerted themselves to the utmost, and rendered every possible justice to the difficult music assigned them. There were two pieces redemanded by the Bishop of Norwich in Part III.—an aria for Madame Viardot Garcia, "And God shall wipe away thy tears," and the chorus, "Alleluia," immediately preceding it. At the end of the oratorio Mr. Pierson was called for, and received with enthusiastic and long-continued cheering. When in the orchestra he made an effort to address the audience, but, apparently overpowered by his emotions, he was unable to proceed; and Mr. Benedict (to whom the excellent performance of the oratorio owed so much) took his place, and briefly expressed the gratitude felt by Mr. Pierson for the attention and flattering reception accorded to his work. This speech was responded to by much cheering and applause.

182 patrons' tickets, 217 reserved seats, and 954 general tickets were disposed of for the morning's performance—in all 1,353, nearly three times as many as for Dr. Bexfield's oratorio on Tuesday. But Mr. Pierson is a stranger, and Dr. Bexfield a native of Norwich—and "no one is a prophet in his own country."

The oratorio of *Jerusalem* is, as we have shown, divided into three parts. The first part is preceded by a prologue, consisting of an overture for the orchestra, an air for the tenor voice, a choral recitative, an air, and a recitative for the bass. The overture, long and elaborate, is divided into four sections—an *andante maestoso* in E flat minor, an *andante con moto* in the major, an *allegro*, in which one of the principal subjects of the preceding movement is worked through a variety of keys, and a resumption of the *andante con moto*, with new harmony. The absence of intelligible plan, and the excessive use of modulation, give to this instrumental prelude the air of a *fantasia*; nevertheless, some of the progressions are bold and surprising (instance the transition from the key of E flat into D in the *allegro*), and the treatment shows earnestness of purpose and hard labour. But the whole smells of the lamp; and its dryness and want of form are hardly redeemed by some ingenious and occasionally striking instrumentation. The air for the

tenor, "And Jesus said,"—or "*arioso*," as it is styled—has no decided key and no decided rhythm; it is, in short, nothing more than accompanied recitative, in *tempo giusto*. The theme is the admonition of the Saviour to Jerusalem, and a prophecy of his own crucifixion, supposed to be uttered before the coming of Moses and the prophets. The words are from Luke. There is a seeming anachronism in this, which is explained by reference to the Scriptural text, "In the beginning was the Word," the Saviour being regarded as the Word; but, as before Moses Jerusalem did not exist, Mr. Pierson would be at some straits to defend his position. A very brief choral recitative in A minor, "And Moses spake to the children of Israel," leads to a bass aria, "The Lord shall bring a nation against thee," followed by a recitative for the same voice, to which it is conducted by a strange and unsatisfactory progression for the brass instruments. These pieces embody the warning of the Jewish lawgiver, and his prophecy of the destruction of the future Jerusalem. The opening of the air is very striking; and the key (D minor) is for once well defined; but this consistency endures only for a short time; before the close of the first part of the air, Mr. Pierson is rambling from key to key without any definite purpose. In the *andante*, however, he redeems himself, although the voice part is anything but vocal. The recitative ("*arioso*" again), "Run ye to and fro," further developing the subject of the air, is a series of fragments. With this the prologue terminates. The recitative itself, however, does not terminate, but leads to a chorus, "How shall I pardon thee for this?" which has some excellent points. The first theme, in A flat, is very melodious, and well harmonised for the voices, but from that to the resumption of the original key, and again when it is abandoned, to be once more resumed (in the last ten bars), the progress of the chorus is exceedingly vague, and the want of clearness is unpleasantly evident. The *terzetto*, "Cry aloud," for two sopranos and contralto, beginning in C minor, and ending in E flat, has some good points—instance the *andante*, "Show my people," where the voices commence the phrase unaccompanied; but no piece in the oratorio gives stronger evidence of labour and hard struggling to be original. The whole is elaborate, without being ingenious. The chorus, "The Lord saith," contains a declamatory introduction, abounding in odd and ineffective progressions, and a fugued movement in E minor, "I will scatter them among the heathen," full of chromatic harmonies and modulations, which plainly indicate that the contrapuntal studies of Mr. Pierson have not been well directed. The difficulty of the voice parts in this chorus is as great as in any of Bach's choral writings; we doubt, indeed, if its correct execution is possible. The soprano air, "Of the rock that begat thee," is charming, the melody is good, the phrases well-defined, and the accompaniments clever and appropriate. This piece alone shows that Mr. Pierson is capable of writing better and purer music than is to be found in most parts of his *Jerusalem*. We cannot say as much for the bass air, in B minor, "Wo to Ariel:" nor of the long-concerted piece which follows, comprising an orchestral symphony, representing the march of the Romans against Jerusalem, a tenor solo, "A sound of battle," a chorus, "Arise and let us go by night," and a tenor solo and chorus, "Hew ye down trees." These are marked by all the vagueness and incoherency of which we have complained in other pieces; the ear is tormented in following Mr. Pierson through his manifold progressions, and finds no

resting place. In the symphony, however, there is an effective allusion to a passage in the overture. The *terzetto* in A minor, for two sopranos and tenor, "Enter into the rock," were it not so overloaded with extraneous modulations, would please by its plaintive character, in spite of its broken and unsatisfactory rhythm. The bass aria, "Shall I not visit," in F sharp minor, has some good points, and a very striking passage on the words, "I swear by myself, saith the Lord," which is expressed almost grandly. The alternate employment and rest of the orchestra in the short chorus in D, "O Lord, according to thy righteousness," is effective; and the chromatic progressions on the words, "O Lord, hear, O Lord, forgive," are in excellent keeping. The contralto air, "Go not forth into the field," is chiefly noticeable from the fact that Mr. Pierson keeps longer in the primal key (G minor) than is generally his custom, even in his shortest pieces, of which this is one. The chorus, in C minor, "Go ye up upon her walls," is one of the best, because one of the least intricate, in the oratorio. It has some bold and simple points of imitation, and, the progressions being less frequent and less sudden than elsewhere, have a proportionately better effect. The conclusion, in the major key, though very short, is imposing. With this terminates the first part of *Jerusalem*—the warnings, the denunciations, and the prophecies of the fall of the holy city.

The second part is devoted to lamentations for Jerusalem's destruction, and the promise of restoration. It contains twelve pieces—an *arioso* for bass, "The Lord hath accomplished;" a contralto solo, "A voice of wailing," with chorus and semichorus; a tenor solo, "O, that my head were waters;" an *arioso* for contralto, "The ways of Zion do mourn;" a chorus, "O God, the heathen are come;" an *arioso*, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" a chorus, "Thus saith the Lord God;" a tenor air, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee;" an air for bass, "Hear the word of the Lord;" an air with chorus, "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance;" a duettino, "The sons of strangers shall build up the walls;" and a chorus, "The eternal God is thy refuge." We shall not go into details about these, since they are marked by precisely the same characteristics which we have described in the first part. On the other hand, they offer more points for praise and a greater number of indications of real musical feeling and beauty. At the end of the contralto solo with chorus, which commences in C sharp minor, there is a chorus in A flat, "Because of the mountain of Zion," which is flowing and beautiful, the harmony pure, devoid of affectation and straining after new effects. The chorus, "O God! the heathen are come," in C minor, though rugged and stubborn in many places, is for the most part well expressed, and contains more than one point (instance the harmony in the word "Angry," involving an unexpected but happy progression from B flat into C minor). The tenor air, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee," is extremely melodious, admirably expressive, and will be admired, in spite of the questionable taste of beginning in one key and ending in another,—a license which cannot be successfully defended. The bass air, "He that scattereth Israel," has something of the feeling of Spohr about it, and the opening develops one of the few points of fluent melody that occur in the oratorio. The air and chorus, "Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance," in E flat, is a pretty pastoral, but scarcely in accordance with a sacred theme. The duettino, for soprano

and bass, "The sons of strangers," in B, is also flowing and melodious. The final chorus, B flat, "The Eternal God," has one or two striking passages, but, as a whole, is incoherent and confused. The third part of the oratorio devoted to the prophecies of the recall of the Jewish people, the battle of Armageddon, the defeat of all the enemies of Jerusalem, the new Jerusalem, and the salvation of the righteous, contains fifteen pieces:—A recitative *arioso*, "Watchman, what of the night?" a quaint and unmelodious soprano air, "Ho, ho, come forth;" a declamatory air for soprano, with chorus, "Proclaim ye this," the last portion of which, for full chorus, "Then shall the Lord go forth," is spirited and effective; a soprano recitative, followed by a contralto air, "Then shall ye know," which presents nothing for remark; a chorus in C minor, "Fear not, O land," a free fugue, by no means devoid of ingenuity; an *arioso* for bass, followed by a recitative for soprano, both elaborately accompanied; a grand chorus, "Alleluia," in F, which, if it possess no other quality, must be accorded that of originality; an air with chorus, "He that sitteth on the throne," which contains some really melodious phrases; a bass air, "And I saw a great white throne," which though without form or rhythm, has some good points of declamation (instance the passage in A flat minor, "And the books were opened"); a chorus, "Lo! he comes," founded on the hacknied psalm-tune known as "Hermesley;" a quintet, in F minor, "Blessed are the dead," an interpolation which will be pardoned for its merits and the appropriate solemnity of its style; a five-part chorus, "Holy, holy;" a recitative and air, "And I saw a new Heaven," leading into a chorus, "Be thou faithful unto death;" a recitative and air, for tenor, "Now unto the King eternal;" and a grand chorus, in E, "Praise and extol," in which there is some elaborate fugal treatment of one of the subjects in the overture, besides other meritorious points, such as the introduction preceding the fugue and resumed at the end, which is simple and grand. A detailed review of these would only lead us into a repetition of the strictures we have been compelled to make upon the first part.

We have nothing, therefore, to add to what we have already advanced, but the general observation that *Jerusalem* is the work of a musician who thinks for himself, and does not borrow from or imitate others, and whose strivings after originality, if not resulting in success, the cause must be attributed to imperfect scholarship and a mistaken view of the true and unchangeable principles of art. We have hopes that Mr. Pierson may change in time, and, no longer condemning the imperishable models left us in the works of the great masters, compose a new oratorio very different and very much better than *Jerusalem*. Everything was done; the execution of the work had every advantage; a careful and intelligent conductor, a splendid band and chorus, and first-rate solo vocalists, all anxious for its success; a crowded and indulgent audience, eager to be pleased and to applaud.

What more could be desired? Mr. Pierson's work has been heard by the public; the earnestness of purpose and love of his art, which alone could have induced him to attempt so vast an undertaking as the composition of a sacred oratorio, have been liberally and warmly recognized. This should act as a stimulus to further study and exertion, not as an assurance that perfection has been attained.

The third and concluding concert brought 1200 persons to St. Andrew's Hall on Thursday night. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony in E flat	Mozart.
Duetto—Mde. Viardot and Herr Formes	
(<i>Fidelio</i>)	Beethoven.
Romance—"Vanne," Madame Fiorentini	Meyerbeer.
Aria—"Fra poco," Mr. Sims Reeves	Donizetti.
Terzetto—"Io diro se nel gestire," Madame Viardot Garcia, Miss L. Pyne, and Signor Belletti	Fioravanti.
Song—"Der Wanderer," Herr Formes	Schubert.
Romance—"Oh, mon fils," Madame Viardot	Meyerbeer.
Concertante—Violoncello and double bass, Herr Haussman and Signor Bottesini	
Romanza—"Il Pescatore," Signor Gardoni	Donizetti.
Part Song—"The wreath,"	Benedict.
Duetto—Madame Fiorentini and Mr. S. Reeves (<i>Ernani</i>)	Verdi.
Song—"When midnight's dark veil," Mr Lockey, corno obbligato, Mr. C. Harper	Lachner.
Air—"By the rivers of Babylon," Miss Dolby	S. Waley.
Finale—"Miss L. Pyne and chorus (<i>Loreley</i>)	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Overture—"Faniska"	Cherubini.
Air—"Bravo, bravo, il mio belcore," Signor Belletti	Donizetti.
Madrigal—Song—"A poor simple maiden," Miss L. Pyne. Song—"Nan of Battersea," Mr. Weiss (<i>Charles II.</i>)	Macfarren.
Trio—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Alleyne, and Mr. Lockey (<i>Don Giovanni</i>)	Mozart.
Serenade—"Young Agnes," Mr. Sims Reeves	Auber.
Scotch Song—"Bonnie Dundee" Miss Dolby	
Duet—"Che vuoi di più," Madame Viardot Garcia and Signor Gardoni	Donizetti.
Aria Espanola—"La calosera," Madame Fiorentini	
Grand March—(<i>Camp of Silesia</i>)	Meyerbeer.

To judge by the encores, this was the most successful of the three evening concerts. It was certainly the longest, and the repetitions made it longer; but we do not think it was the best. The terzetto from Fioravanti's *Le Virtuose in Puntiglio* (by Madame Viardot, Miss Pyne, and Signor Belletti); the "Wanderer" (Herr Formes); Benedict's melodious part-song, for the chorus; "A poor simple Maiden" from *Charles II.* (Miss L. Pyne); and Madame Fiorentini's Spanish canzonet, were all re-demanded. They were all well sung, however, and the audience were not sorry to hear them again. Mozart's beautiful symphony was admirably played by the band, under the direction of Mr. Benedict; and Miss Louisa Pyne exhibited, in addition to her perfect execution, more than usual dramatic energy in the magnificent *finale* to *Lorely*, which promises to become one of Mendelssohn's most popular concert-pieces. The fairy choruses were sung with vigour and delicacy; and the band was all that could be desired in the accompaniments. It was evident that Mr. Benedict had studied and rehearsed the work *con amore*. The applause at the termination proved how much the audience had been delighted. The concertante for violoncello and double bass, on themes from *l'Elisir d'Amore*, composed by Messrs. Haussman and Bottesini, is a very good piece for display, and was executed by the authors in first-rate style. Cherubini's fine overture was given with infinite spirit; and the march from the *Camp de Silesie*, quite as good in its way as the coronation march in the *Prophète*, made an effective conclusion to the concert. After the symphony, Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a new song by Mr. Macfarren, the subject of which was the

victories and death of the late Duke of Wellington. The music was original and appropriate, and Mr. Reeves sang it with the greatest effect, and was loudly applauded. An attempt to encore it was, however, opposed. Of the other pieces we have spoken so often, that it is enough to say these were all well received, more especially the prison duet from *Fidelio*, the "Fra poco" and "Young Agnes," by Mr. Reeves, and the two Italian songs of Signors Gardoni and Belletti.

For the performance of the *Messiah*, on Friday, the largest audience of the week was attracted to St. Andrew's hall: 342 patrons' tickets, 304 reserved stalls, and 1,301 general tickets—in all 1,947—were sold. So crowded was the hall, that many persons ascended by ladders and obtained standing room in the recesses of the windows at the top—no enviable position, to all appearances. The master-piece of Handel was executed to perfection. The solo singers were Madame Viardot Garcia, Misses L. Pyne, Dolby, and Alleyne, Signors Gardoni and Belletti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Weiss, and Herr Formes. By the particular desire of the Bishop of Norwich, whose instructions were previously conveyed to Mr. Benedict on a slip of paper, Madame Viardot repeated the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Among the performances of the morning which gave most pleasure were "Comfort ye my people" (Signor Gardoni); "The people that walked in darkness" (Herr Formes); "Rejoice greatly" (Miss L. Pyne); "He was despised" (Miss Dolby); "Behold and see;" and "He shall break them" (Mr. Sims Reeves); "Why do the nations" (Signor Belletti); and the choruses "For unto us," "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb:" but none of these were redemanded by the Bishop. Mr. Lockey and Mr. Weiss acquitted themselves admirably in their recitatives.

Mr. Benedict conducted the oratorio with his accustomed talent, and took the times of the choruses with invariable correctness. The performance was altogether worthy of the music.

The performance of the *Messiah*, of which there was only time to say a few words, was not merely the best during the festival, but one of the best we have heard. The execution was truly Handelian; the choruses, besides being well sung, were taken by Mr. Benedict invariably in the time which has descended to us, by tradition, from the great composer himself; while the solos and concerted pieces, though divided among no less than ten performers, (Madame Viardot, Misses L. Pyne, Alleyne, and Dolby; Signors Gardoni and Belletti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lockey, Weiss, and Herr Formes), were, almost without exception, so admirably given, that it would be invidious to single out particular singers, or particular points, for eulogy. Suffice it that foreigner and native emulated each other in zeal to attain a pure and correct reading of Handel's immortal text. Madame Viardot transposed her songs, but atoned for that by fervour and devotional expression.

Though a paper, handed to Mr. Sims Reeves, and by him to Mr. Benedict, indicated the desire of a certain influential personage that one of them should be repeated, Madame Viardot, we are informed, objected to monopolize a distinction which she felt was equally due to her brother and sister artists. Had the command proceeded directly from the audience, she would have had no choice in the matter, but audible manifestations of approval are against the received etiquette during the sacred performances in St. Andrew's

Hall. It occasioned some surprise, however, at the end of the second part of the oratorio, that Handel's "Hallelujah" was not re-demanded by the Bishop, especially since that compliment had been paid the day previous to the "Alleluia" of Mr. Pierson.

The ball, in St. Andrew's Hall, was brilliantly attended. There were, we understand, between 400 and 500 dancers, and about as many spectators in the great orchestra. The hall was effectively lighted, the company highly distinguished, the ladies (of whom there was a marked preponderance) were "beautiful exceedingly," the band (under Labitzky, jun.) was efficient, the selection of quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas well varied and enlivening, and the whole passed off with genuine and unabated hilarity. Nothing, in short, could have been more stirring, gay, and animated. The visitors began to arrive about 10 o'clock, and to disperse gradually, about four in the morning. It is computed that nearly 5,000 persons were assembled in the streets immediately contiguous to St. Andrew's Hall, for the purpose of seeing the company issue from their carriages to the ball room. So great was the rush to obtain the best places, that some mishap was feared, and Mr. Dunne, the superintendent of the police, whose exertions to preserve order during the festival, have been as successful as unremitted, found it necessary to draw up a line of 50 picked men, to arrest the progress of the mob. After some time, during which the police displayed equal firmness and presence of mind, his object was effected; the crowd was driven from the immediate vicinity of the temporary entrance, and a compact line formed, cutting off the close and inconvenient communication that for a time threatened to block up the way to the hall, and render the passage of vehicles impossible. It is worthy of remark that, during the week, not one misdemeanour has been recorded, not one case of picking pockets. Some of the "swell mob" came from London, but, being recognised, thought it discreet to go back again by the next train.

Thus terminated the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival for 1852—the youngest, but not the meanest of those provincial meetings the object of which is to place art and charity under one banner, and to promote the one under the pretext of assisting the other. On the present occasion, Norwich has maintained its right to be named second only to Birmingham. The chorus, especially in the female department, is, indeed, quite on a level with that of Birmingham. If possible, the voices are fresher. The band was first-rate in most of its departments. The conductor, Mr. Benedict, is equally at home in the direction of "classical" and of "popular" music; oratorio and opera, grand symphony and brilliant overture, are alike at his command. He had a more than usually arduous task to perform at this festival. His responsibility was very great, inasmuch as he was to direct the first performance of a new oratorio of almost unparalleled difficulty, the *Jerusalem* of Mr. Pierson. Mr. Benedict achieved his task, however, with admirable precision, and if the composer was not satisfied, he must be more fastidious than musical composers in ordinary. The programme for the present festival was, we think, in some degree a mistake; and should the pecuniary results prove less brilliant than in 1848, the committee have only themselves to blame. Dr. Bexfield's oratorio had already been performed at St. Andrew's Hall, eight months previously, to an audience of 1,500 persons, who paid a comparatively trifling sum for admission. The same audience could hardly be expected to give fifteen shillings, or half-a-guinea, for what they had already heard

for something like two shillings. Mr. Pierson's *Jerusalem* was accepted on the guarantee of a very influential patron that the receipts of the morning should not be less than £800. It was, therefore, naturally enough, the object of this influential patron to persuade his friends and acquaintances to go and hear *Jerusalem* in preference to *Israel Restored*, and how well this was accomplished appears from the result; more than 1,300 persons flocked to the performance of Mr. Pierson's work, and scarcely 500 attended that of Dr. Bexfield; although Dr. Bexfield is a Norwich man and Mr. Pierson a stranger. Independently of these considerations, however, it was a great error to risk two new works, by untried composers, at the same festival. Neither made a genuine impression, although the oratorio of Dr. Bexfield, the better of the two, gave the greatest pleasure, and the smallest audience had the least cause to regret the money paid for admission. Had *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, or one of the oratorios of Spohr, the *infant chéri* of the Norwich amateurs, been given, in place of *Israel Restored*, or of *Jerusalem*, there is every reason to believe it would have made a difference in the sale of tickets to the amount of about 1,000. It would, moreover, have averted a multiplicity of unpleasant occurrences springing out of the jealousy that existed between the friends and adherents of the rival composers, in whose behalf a war, something like that of the Piccinists and Gluckists, at Paris during the last century, seemed likely to take place—(descending from great things to small). The infallible *Messiah*, however, and the attractive programmes prepared by Mr. Benedict for the evening concerts, turned the tide, and averted a "fiasco." In all the subordinate matters, the music meeting has been well conducted. The committee were indefatigable; and it is our agreeable duty to acknowledge the attention of Mr. Kerrison, the active and zealous secretary; of Mr. Simpson, and other gentlemen in authority, whose courtesy and kindness to the representatives of the London press were unremitting. Much is due to Mr. Hill of Norwich, whose careful training of the choruses, since April last, alone rendered the execution of *Jerusalem* possible. Nor must Mr. Goodwin, from London, the copyist and librarian, be overlooked, since to the zealous and efficient performance of his by no means unimportant duties, must be attributed the fact that, during the entire series of concerts, morning and evening, Mr. Benedict, the conductor, found everything ready to his hands, and was thus relieved of no small share of anxiety and responsibility. The value of such working "under officers" as Mr. Goodwin can hardly be over estimated.

The following table exhibits the numbers present at the morning and evening performances of the present festival, in juxtaposition with the festivals of 1845 and 1848:—

	1845.		1848.		1852.		
	Patrons.	Hall.	Patrons.	Hall.	Patrons.	Reserved.	Hall.
Tuesday evening.	76	625	151	1,105	98	187	788
Wednesday morning	258	1,077	255	1,034	77	35	370
Wednesday evening	82	1,129	79	901	99	90	573
Thursday morning	134	888	292	1,354	182	207	954
Thursday evening	133	1,533	115	922	72	121	860
Friday morning...	330	1,472	177	788	342	304	1,301

The tabular statement which follows, shows the comparative total attendance at the last three festivals:

	1845.	1848.	1852.
Tuesday evening ...	701	1,256	1,023
Wednesday morning ...	1,336	1,289	482
Wednesday evening ...	1,211	980	762
Thursday morning ...	1,022	1,646	1,343
Thursday evening ...	1,666	1,037	1,053
Friday morning...	1,802	965	1,947
	7,737	7,133	6,610

It is, we understand, in contemplation to give the next Norwich Festival in 1854, and thus, not only to redeem the year lost by the absence of Mr. Benedict in America, and the absorbing influence of the Crystal Palace, but to avoid clashing with the overwhelming attractions of the festival at Birmingham. In concluding our notices of these provincial music meetings, it will not be out of place to hold them up as examples to our great societies in London. Liverpool, Birmingham, and Norwich, have not only been distinguished as the *locales* of musical festivals on a gigantic scale, but as having been the means of introducing original and important works to the public, and thereby materially advancing the interests of the art. *St. Paul*, *Elijah*, *The Fall of Babylon*, and *Calvary*, were first produced in the provinces. Moreover, our native composers have found a chance of winning distinction at the provincial music meetings which the metropolis had obstinately denied them. We need only cite the oratorios of *David*, and *Joseph*, by Mr. Charles Horsley, both produced at Liverpool under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society; the anthem of Dr. Wesley, lately given at Birmingham; and, lastly, *Israel Restored* and *Jerusalem*, by Dr. Bexfield, and Mr. Pierson, which, with the festival anthem of Mr. Henry Leslie, constituted the novel features of the festival at Norwich just expired. And yet, in London, we have no less than three great institutions—the Sacred Harmonic Society, the first in Europe; the London Sacred Harmonic Society; and the monthly concerts of Mr. Hullah; not to speak of another society, the formation of which is, we believe, already far advanced, to be called the New Choral Society, which, we are pleased to hear, has for its principal object the production of wholly new works by foreign and native composers.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—(From the *New York Musical World*).—Henriette Sontag has arrived, and is safely quartered at the Union Square Hotel. She is so overwhelmed with visitors, that she intends soon taking private lodgings. The public, however, who are on the tiptoe of expectation, will, ere many days are past, have the opportunity of hearing this new enchantress in the realm of song. A truly Jenny Lind reputation seems to have preceded this lady, and the public firmly believe all kind and good things of her. Her name would seem, indeed, a voucher for her goodness, and we doubt not that Sontag—meaning *Sunday* in German—will yet prove to us the *Sabbath* of a fresh musical era, the jubilee of song.

Alboni's first concert came off at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday evening. The new entrance was still "in the rough," and the public passed through two uncompleted

walls of the front building, and clouds of gas, as well, which was escaping from the new pipes put up for the occasion. The house was far better filled than we expected to see it, but was not full. The audience was well distributed, however, by the numbered tickets, so that no seats were entirely without occupants. All the seats in Metropolitan Hall ought to be *entirely* filled to hear Alboni. It is not her fault that they are not; but the fault of an inefficient and imbecile management. A singer's success in this country [unknown as yet to the mass of the people,] depends of course entirely upon the management of her affairs. For if a singer be unknown to the great and busy masses—particularly to the paying masses in the country, she must become known by those who understand how effectually to reach and interest this important class of the people. No singer can command a great success in this country, unless that *under current* of enthusiasm sets in, which, deep, silent, and generally unnoted by the press, because it usually begins to flow after the city enthusiasm and interest has subsided, bears all before it, and startles public favourites themselves, with its strength, its extraordinary duration, and its enormous pecuniary results. And this *under current* sets in mainly from the country, from the working, industrious, but susceptible and paying classes. No one so signally started, and profited by this silent and enduring under-flow of admiration and popularity as Jenny Lind. Of course, it becomes all those who manage the concerns of public singers, to investigate the secret springs which accomplish such a mighty result. Those who are too stupid and uninformed seriously to consider this matter, and use every available means to compass it, *deserve* to fail from their ignorance of the American public, and the common sense way of informing, and reaching it.

In our indignation that such a singer as Alboni should not be heard by every American, and that, from sheer mismanagement, failure is evidently before her, we have wandered from the point we started from—the concert. Alboni's voice, is pure, downright music. Added to this is the most consummate taste and skill; therefore, what can we want more in a public singer? Even her appearance, which her name—we shall be excused from remarking—so signally belies (All-bony)—is genial, and appealing to the sensibilities and good nature of an audience, in a very remarkable degree. In short, there is an inexpressible luxury in hearing Alboni sing. Try it, reader, and you will fully bear us out in this. In thinking of a concert of Alboni, you forget everything but *herself*, forget that insufferable infliction, Arditti, of the interminable and intrusive bow—forget the repelling Rovere—almost forget the quiet and sweet tenor, San Giovanni. Alboni is all that remains of lasting and pleasurable recollection. Would that, *that under current*, might yet set in for this delightful singer, but, we have our fears!

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, last week, Mademoiselle Dussy was to have appeared for the first time as Alice in *Robert the Devil*, in place of Mademoiselle La Grua. On account of Depassio's sudden indisposition, however, the bill was changed, and *William Tell* substituted.

The entertainments at the Opéra Comique lately have been composed of *Madelon*, *Joseph*, *Le Fidèle Berger*, and *Le Père Gaillard*.

Monsieur Scribe will very shortly read a new libretto to

the artists of the Opéra Comique. Auber has composed the music. It will be produced immediately after Monsieur Clapisson's opera, which is now in a very forward state, and will be played some time during the next fortnight.

Madame Ugalde returns to the Opéra Comique in a day or two. She has been singing with great success at Antwerp and Brussels.

There is a report that *Robin-des-Bois* (*Der Freischütz*) is about to be revived at the Théâtre Lyrique. The next novelties will be an opera in two acts entitled *Tabarin*, *Flore et Zéphyr*, in one act, and *Choisy*, also in one act.

Henry Herz has been giving a series of concerts at Strasbourg, Metz, and Nancy, after having previously visited Baden, and some other places of fashionable resort.

MADRID.—The Royal Italian Theatre here will open with *I due Foscari*. Coletti will make his first appearance before the public of this city in the character of the Doge. The opera will be followed by the ballet of *Paquita* for Madame Flora Fabri.

Ronconi has returned to Madrid after his immense success in Grenada.

BERLIN.—*The Clemency of Titus* will be produced at the Royal Opera-house on the 15th of this month. Mademoiselle J. Wagner will play the part of Sextus, and Madame Herrenbürger that of Vitellia. Mademoiselle Francisca Wagner, a sister of the *prima donna*, is about to sing for a limited number of times at the Theatre Royal.

Berlioz is expected during the course of the month at Weimar, where he will himself direct the execution of his opera of *Benvenuto Cellini*.

VIENNA.—Auber's opera of the *Crown Diamonds* has been revived here.

M. Baumgartner, a member of the Stenographic Committee of Vienna, has just invented a new system of stenography as applicable to music. It enables the writer to take down the most difficult and complicated compositions.

Herr Marschner has just resigned his appointment as conductor in the Royal Opera at Hanover. It is reported that he has been nominated General Musical Director at Vienna.

Madame Castellan's *debut* in Lisbon is fixed for the 5th of this month.

Reviews of Music.

"OUR SOLDIERS AND OUR SAILORS"—Words by W. H. BELLAMY—Music by CHAS. W. GLOVER.—Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

A capital after-dinner song, although the tune is somewhat too familiar, and not very elegant. It is bold, however, and has a John Bull smack in its tune, which can hardly fail to find favour with the warlike and national. Mr. Bellamy's words are spirited, broad, and essentially martial.

"THE WARRIOR SLEEPS"—A tribute to the memory of Wellington—Written by S. FEARON—Composed by GEORGE LINLEY.—Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

Without exactly rising to his subject, Mr. George Linley has found a not unbecoming theme for his verses. The air is entirely simple and unpretending, but is not devoid of feeling and expression.

The words of Mr. S. Fearon we shall quote, and leave their merits to be decided on by our more estimating readers. They are as follows:—

RECITATIVE.

The warrior sleeps! the form commanding,
And the noble mind are dust and empty nothing!
The ready hand and flashing eye
Are cold and beamless in the gaze of death.
The name that hath a thousand legions aw'd
Is whisper'd now in tones of grief and love.

AIR.

The hero of a hundred fights
Hath droop'd his honor'd head!
The great, the good, the noble one
Is number'd with the dead!
The solemn truth hath reach'd each ear,
Tho' hush'd is every breath;
The tomb hath got its noble prey—
The warrior sleeps in death.

A chill hath struck to ev'ry heart,
A gloom is o'er the land;
A sigh resounds from Waterloo
To India's burning strand.
A tear from ev'ry patriot eye
Bedews the cypress wreath
That mourning thousands join to weave—
The warrior sleeps in death.

Our own impression is, it would be much better to let the warrior sleep in death than waken him by any of these ballad elegies, however good they may be, and the one before us is decidedly not one of the worst.

"YE WARRIORS OF ENGLAND"—Poetry by W. H. BELLAMY—
Music by CHAS. W. GLOVER.—Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

This is not exactly the day for songs of the Dibdin class. The soldiers and sailors of England are excellent fellows when well behaved, and no doubt after a little practice would prove as hardy and courageous as their progenitors. But now we have had a very long peace, and almost every soldier and sailor in the service is entirely innocent of warfare. What compliment, therefore, is it to either one or the other to descant on valour that has never been put to the trial, or boast of powers still untested. Mr. W. H. Bellamy does not commit himself in this manner, but in his abstract reverence for our guardians by sea and land, he has touched a chord as little congenial to modern feelings. The glories of the past are all very well, and traditions should be venerated; but in times of peace we are perfectly unmoved, or rather tempted to smile, when even a greater poet than Mr. Bellamy calls upon our sailors and soldiers to stand by their guns and trample down all invaders; and when the British valour is vaunted at the expense of all the nations of Europe. Mr. Bellamy's talents are completely thrown away on so idle and so uninteresting a subject. The song, however, both words and music, is good, and would do excellent well in a sea piece, at any theatre where national demonstrations are got up.

"WHERE ARE CHILDREN'S HAPPY DAYS?"—Ballad—Written by F. M. J.—Composed by E. DE BARRY.

"DOST THOU FORGET THOSE HAPPY DAYS?"—Ballad—Written and Composed by E. DE BARRY.—Robert W. Ollivier.

The above compositions are the efforts of a lady, and indicate a very graceful and poetic talent. We like the words of the first song, but the verses of both are too much of a character to please in company.

"I AM ALONE"—Composed by G. A. MACFARREN—Words by DESMOND RYAN—Arranged with an accompaniment and symphonies for the Guitar by FANNY LUCRETIA SOHLMAN.—Jullien and Co.

A very excellent arrangement for the Guitar of Macfarren's charming song, sung with so much success in public by Mrs. Alexander Newton.

THE ST. PETERSBURGH SEASON OF 1853.

The following is the definitive list of the Italian Opera Company, as given by the *Journal de Saint Pétersbourg*:—

First Tenors—Signori Mario and Tamberlik.

Barytones—Signori Ronconi and De Bassini.

First Basses—Signori Lablache and Tagliafico.

Second Tenors—Signori Némorino and Davide.

Second Basses—Signori Polonini and Cecconi.

Prima Donne—Mesdames Cruvelli, Marray, and Medori.

Contralto—Madame De Méric.

Seconda Donna—Madame Cotti.

Madame Grisi, also, was to have formed part of the Company, but the state of her health obliged her to cancel her engagement.

MR. CARTER LEE.

MR. CARTER LEE is a very host in himself, a musical phenomenon of rare appearance; all the most difficult instruments which separately call into action talents that require a life of indefatigable labour to develope, are touched by him with a master's hand, whilst years are yet young upon him; nor does his fertile genius desert him there, he lays down the violin, the flute, the concertina, and we know not what other instrument, but to enchant his listeners with his ready wit—his rapid and salient "Sketches"—his clever songs or his brilliant performances on the pianoforte.

We find it difficult to light upon his rival, or think of another name which could have so mastered the difficulties with which he seemed to be surrounded on Wednesday evening. An apology for a gentleman "who never made apologies," for "the absence of gas" which was at the same moment burning brilliantly, for "cracked glasses," and other things which we soon forgot, added to a delay of ten minutes, preceded the *soirée*, and appeared to us to augur a heavy entertainment; but no sooner did he make his entrée and commence his sparkling recital than we felt strong suspicion that he had but created difficulties to prove his own strength; we do not say this maliciously, and are sure he will forgive us if we really err (Mr. Carter Lee does not look like a gentleman given to fits of capricious anger), but we cannot divest our minds of the idea that he purposed to show us that he had sufficient resources in himself to dispel any cloudy fears which such mishaps as those alluded to might have created.

Mr. Carter Lee's performances were most successful; the "Sketches" were most cleverly conceived and most cleverly given; the "Scratches" (with two or three exceptions) were but second-rate, and certainly do not reflect much credit upon such an artist as the renowned Alfred Crowquill. We were very much struck with the rapid, almost miraculous, improvement in Mr. Carter Lee's recitation since we last enjoyed the pleasure of hearing him: it is no difficult matter to foresee that he will soon stand alone even in our great capital where talent is so abundant: a chief and most attractive feature in this entertainment is a superior and unprofessional tone which imparts to it the easy, well-bred character of an amateur performance of high excellence. We heartily thank Mr. Carter Lee for the very agreeable evening he afforded us; his great experience and keen observation must have furnished him with unlimited matter, and he has but to trust to his own varied talents, in order to delight the crowded and intelligent audience which he will certainly find to welcome him in Boulogne, whenever he may favour us again with his most entertaining "Sketches."

We cannot close this notice without alluding to the well-deserved compliment paid by Mr. Carter Lee to our talented neighbour Mr. Henry Russell, whose constant readiness to give his valuable aid for charitable purposes merits universal applause.—*French Times*.

Provincial.

SCARBOROUGH.—On Friday evening, September 24th, Mr. R. W. Kohler engaged Mrs. A. Newton for a grand concert, at the Spa rooms, which turned out a profitable investment for him, as the concert—through Mrs. Newton was honoured with the patron

age and presence of the President and visitors of the Crown Hotel, and the room was consequently crowded. She was encoired in "O luce di Quest'anima," (*Linda*), "Lo here the gentle lark," and "Ah, non giunge;" after which, by desire, Mrs. Newton sang the old ballad of "An ye shall walk in silk attire," which was greatly applauded.

CHELSEHAM.—An evening concert, of a very attractive nature took place on Monday evening, at Hale and Son's new music room; the concert was given by Miss E. Smith, a young lady only thirteen years of age, a pupil of our popular resident professor, Mdlle. Loveday, who ably assisted her promising young pupil; besides Mdlle. Loveday, Mr. G. Marshall, Mr. Matthias, and Von. Halst gave their valuable assistance. The concert went off with great spirit, and was attended by a very crowded and fashionable audience.

BRISTOL.—On Monday evening, the 27th ult., Mendelssohn's grand oratorio *Elijah*, was given in the Victoria Room, Clifton, by the Bristol Classical Harmonic Society. The principal singers were Madame Fiorentini, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. P. J. Smith, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Fornes, supported by a powerful chorus. The orchestra, which was led by Mr. H. C. Cooper, of the Royal Italian Opera, was upon a large scale, and included several eminent metropolitan performers. The oratorio had been some time in rehearsal, under the direction of Mr. J. Smith, and was most effectively rendered. The room was crowded to excess. We shall give some remarks on the performance in our next.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We are happy to say that after a very long and dreary interregnum—you are likely once more to hear from us under the above head. There have been two grand concerts, it is true, at the Concert Hall—one on the 2nd instant, and the second and best—with Grisi, Mario, &c., on the 13th; but to the Concert Hall we are not admitted, so can only speak of the concerts there from hearsay.

Mr. T. Thorn Harris is about to renew the classical chamber concerts he commenced with such success last winter, at the Athenæum Library Hall, under the marked and distinguished patronage of the Earl of Wilton. The noble Earl will most probably be at the first concert, with a large party of his guests from Henton House. We understand the nights are already fixed for the first series of four; October the 18th, November 1st., 15th, and 29th.

Mr. Charles Hallé has not yet announced his series, but we trust his charming chamber concerts will also be given during the winter months.

It is rumoured that a grand musical festival is once more to be held in Manchester, in September next.

So much for a beginning of our post season doings. You shall soon have enough of copy from "YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."

DRAMATIC AND LYRIC DOINGS AT PLYMOUTH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Great preparations are being made for the purpose of converting the whole stage of the Theatre into a grand Music Hall, for the first of a series of concerts about to be given by our enterprising manager. The whole will be done with a completeness never before known, or attempted in Plymouth. The programme of Friday, the 8th, includes the names of Mrs. Alexander Newton, Mrs. Henry Reed, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Rolfe, Mr. Henry Reed, his brother, a chorus of fifty voices, and a numerous band of first-rate talent. The subscription list is already nearly full, and everything bids fair to be successful.

The theatrical business, which continues as great as at the commencement of the season, will not in any way be interrupted by the concerts; the musical arrangements being totally distinct from the theatrical.

On Monday *Pizarro* was produced, and Mr. King created a marked sensation as Rolla; so much so, indeed, that the same

piece is advertised for Friday night, when no doubt the house will be as fully attended as on Monday. The fifth act throughout was capitally done; the scene with Pizarro and the Child was energetic and picturesque in the extreme. Alonzo could hardly have been in better hands than Mr. Newcombe's who played the "rebel youth" with indomitable force, spirit and feeling. Miss Fanny Huddart was an excellent Elvira. From beginning to end this lady's acting was faithful and correct; and Miss Page rendered the gentle part of Cora gentle and prettily effective.

Mr. King's benefit takes place on Thursday week, when the house is expected to be crammed in every part.

CHARLES.

Original Correspondence.

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—Will you oblige me, by inserting in your able journal, the following remarks in reply to Mr. Spark's letter which appeared in the last number of the *Musical World*.

Mr. Spark is the champion of Dr. Wesley, whose Anthem (performed at the late Birmingham Festival) he defends against "the adverse and untenable criticisms of the *Times* and *Athenæum*."

This gentleman, at the commencement of his communication, informs you, that he "made a pilgrimage to Birmingham chiefly to hear this anthem, now so well known," &c.; and somewhat later remarks, "Its lovely strains of melody, and its rich gorgeous harmonies are as familiar as household words to the numberless congregations, &c." Now, I think these assertions argue but little in favour of the writer's musical taste. Surely, the performance of such works as the fragment of "Christus," and the scene from *Lorely*, should have been, to Mr. Spark, a more powerful inducement to attend the festival than the introduction of such a familiar composition as Dr. Wesley's motett; admitting it to be, as Mr. Spark observes, "one of the most extraordinary and beautiful compositions which has ever issued from the pen of an English composer." Your correspondent then proceeds to eulogize the doctor's anthem. He states that Dr. Wesley has departed from the dry conventional course invariably adopted by both ancient and modern ecclesiastical composers: he has marked out a path of his own, and displayed in every part of the work the utmost originality of form and execution." I am at a loss to know what Mr. Spark means by "the dry conventional course adopted."

The works of our English church writers give evidence of profound and original thought; even in the earliest of them, however antiquated and rude they may now appear to us, and however unfit for models they may now be, there are means and effects which were new in their day, and consequently render them, in as much as they aided the progress of the science, interesting to a musician. Does Mr. Spark think, that Purcell invariably adopted a dry conventional course?

Neither do I understand the phrase—"originality of form and execution." I can discover nothing new in the design of the various movements in this anthem; excepting the chorus, "And the ransom'd," there is no attempt at elaboration. The expression, "originality of execution," is so indefinite and unmusically that I can make nothing of it.

I will now just glance at the separate portions of the anthem, in order to ascertain if they really deserve the high praise awarded them by Mr. Spark. The first movement is simple enough in form. In the opening phrase there is an unpleasant jerk on the word "shall;" in the last bar but one of the second page there are consecutive fifths between the tenor and the organ accompaniment; and in the second line and last bar of the third page there is a progression of fifths, by contrary motion, between alto and bass, which occasions a disagreeable and unsingable succession of distances for the second voice. At the beginning, of the same page is a star directing attention to the interrupted cadence. This point, which the doctor was fearful might be overlooked, is simply the resolution of the dominant seventh to a triad on the sixth note

of the major scale. It was scarcely necessary to parade such a common-place progression as this. The solo for bass voice succeeds. The sequence on the passage, "He will come and save you," is common and singularly expressive. In the sentence which follows, "Behold your God," declaimed on one note, although an attempt at effect is made by the harmonies, the voice is too low; and the surprise evidently calculated by the 6-4 on E being followed by the C on D sharp is an utter failure. The exhortation, "Be strong, fear not," &c., should have suggested something more lofty in feeling than this dismal aria. Four wretched bars of recit. precede the chorus, "For in the wilderness." This chorus fully justified the *Times* in pronouncing the work "confused in harmony," and "full of modulation run mad." To those gentlemen whose estimation of a musical composition rises in proportion to the number of sharps and flats found on its pages, this chorus must be truly marvellous; for here the doctor eclipses himself, soaring into regions never before visited, and which, I hope, will never be visited again! Here are accidentals in abundance, naturals, sharps, double sharps, scattered in all directions with a prodigality unexampled! In one word this chorus is a choice specimen of what has been aptly termed, the "dandy sublime." The semi-chorus, which has been suggested by a passage in an Ave Maria by Mozart, is ingenious and pleasing. The progression, in the recit. for chorus, at the words, "But the redeemed," is extremely harsh, which effect is increased by the sudden transition of pitch; and the accent falling on the word "shall," is absurd.

I have now arrived at the great point of the anthem—the fugue on two subjects. This fugue commences in five parts, the second soprano being the same as the first, except in two instances, in which one voice attacks the subject while the other concludes the phrase, and occasionally a note being given to the second treble to complete the chord. The second subject, which is a double counterpoint in the octave, is unmelodious, and is made ineffective by being introduced on the same note as, and precisely with the second answer to, the first subject. This is certainly not a proof of Dr. Wesley's great ingenuity or learning. After some little elaboration of the second subject, the first subject re-enters in the tenor. No sooner is the principal subject despatched, than the same voice is made to lead off the counter subject. This is another proof of Dr. Wesley's contrapuntal skill. In the fifth page, second line, the two subjects for the second time start together, and at the sixth page they are again introduced in precisely the same relationship and in the same key, on a dominant pedal. When Mr. Spark spoke of this chorus as a "learned fugue," he forgot, I am afraid, that there was a part of a fugue called the stretto, and that it was possible to invest a double counterpoint in the octave which would also form a counterpoint in the twelfth. With a bustling sequence followed by the "gorgeous closing harmonies," this chorus leads into "the lovely concluding piece"—"the inimitable and expressive quartetto." A few words will suffice for this portion of the anthem. It consists of a succession of harmonies of the most distressing character. The two chords 6-5, on the word "sighing," are, to say the least, disagreeable; and at the return, where the D and C are made natural, thoroughly annoying.

This, then, is a slight sketch of the anthem which, Mr. Spark ventures to say, has not only delighted but improved the hearts of numberless congregations in Hereford, Exeter, and Leeds. The gratitude of these numberless congregations to their moral reformer, should be as boundless as, I have no doubt, that of the Liverpool Town Council will be for Dr. Wesley's share in that monstrosity, the plan of the large organ for St. George's Hall.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,
A SUBSCRIBER.

THE CHILDREN OF ALBERTAZZI.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Have the children of Albertazzi ever had a benefit concert, or other (benefit) performance.

J. W. N., Gloucester.

PLYMOUTH THEATRICALS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Dublin.

SIR,—In a theatrical notice from Plymouth, signed "Charles," in your last number, after just eulogies on Mr. King, your correspondent speaking of Mrs. Parker, says her "here acknowledged talent;" and again, after allowing the magnificent manner in which she dresses, saying that "her costumes resemble more those of a masked ball in private life than stage dresses," adds, "which by the bye they should not;" now, having been a constant attendant at the theatre during the past season, I beg to say that Mrs. Parker's talent is universally acknowledged here as it was in London, during her engagement at the Olympic, and that she is remarkable not only for her costly but correct style of dress. It would indeed add much to the completeness of the *mise en scene* if some of our actresses of the present day took pattern by this talented lady; and it is much to be lamented that in this particular more English artists do not keep pace, as Mrs. Parker does, with our continental neighbours.

Yours, obediently,
A SUBSCRIBER.

Miscellaneous.

Mons. M. Fronti, of Madrid, pianist and composer, has arrived in London.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—On Thursday week the evening amusements closed, after a season as prosperous as our variable and uncertain climate would allow. Popular taste and good management have raised the musical arrangements here to a level with the best public concerts. In the course of the season we have had Bottesini, Sivori, König, Richardson, &c. There has been but little change in the programme since our last. Mr. Leffler has displayed his well-known humour in the popular duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, for which he has nightly obtained a clamorous encore. Miss Messent is another established favourite here. A clear perception of the nature and limit of her powers, and an unerring judgment in the use of them, have given to this lady a variety, as well as depth of style, and a consequent status in public opinion, which many a fair aspirant of more pretension and less judgment might envy. Her coadjutor, Miss Clara Henderson, is, as yet, scarcely out of her novitiate. She made her first curtesy to the public of Exeter Hall last year, where she sang with pleasing effect in "the Messiah;" her voice is a sweet and melodious mezzo-soprano. She has reaped her full share of the honours at the Gardens; and as she eminently possesses that well-known national characteristic which appeals to the eye of the auditor, and thus assaults two of our senses at the same time, it would be strange if the fair Clara had not succeeded. Among the instrumental novelties, Mr. D. Godfrey's clever polka, "Gazelle," has had a long and well-merited run of favour here. After the national anthem had been sung and encored, the evening concluded with an additional display of fireworks.

MR. CARTE'S LECTURE.—The second lecture on music, by Mr. Carte, was delivered at the Mechanics' Institute, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, on Wednesday evening, on which occasion he was assisted by Miss Poole, Miss Collins, and Mr. Wrighton, in the vocal illustrations, and by Mr. B. Wells and Mr. Wilkinson on the flute, concertina, and pianoforte. Mr. Carte ably pointed out the leading features characteristic of the music of different countries, and in the course of the lecture introduced the audience to an old Northumbrian air, popular amongst the colliers, which was a remarkable specimen of quaint composition. The vocal gem of the evening was a new comic song, entitled, "The rival cavaliers," which Miss Poole rendered with an archness and sweetness sufficiently striking to insure an encore. Some Scotch music was also well executed by Miss Collins, and Mr. Wrighton pleased the audience much by his neat and unassuming execution of a pretty new serenade, entitled "On night's pale brow." He possesses a good voice, together with the discretion of avoiding forcing it—a fault too general with most of our modern tenor singers. Mr. Carte was also encored with Mr. Wells, in

some Irish airs, which they played admirably, proving at the same time the superiority of the new patent metal flutes, the tones of which are unexceptionable. Altogether the lecture was highly interesting, and elicited the frequent applause of the full audience assembled.

THE LATE HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The accounts of the late festival of the three choirs of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford, held at the last-named city, have just been made up, and show a much more favourable result than had been anticipated. It appears, from these accounts, that the attendance at the recent festival, notwithstanding other provincial attractions, was greater than at either of the three previous meetings, and that the liabilities of the stewards will be less than has been the case for a considerable period, with the exception of 1837. A final meeting of the stewards and committee of the festival has been held, at which the accounts were passed, and at which, on the motion of the archdeacon, seconded by the Bishop of Hereford, a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Townshend Smith, the conductor, for the very admirable manner in which he had discharged his onerous and important duties. The Hereford meeting has now weathered the storm: the opening of new railways to that city will insure success for future Hereford festivals.

THE ORGANOPHONIC PERFORMANCE.—A performance of a very novel character, under the above title, was given at the St. James's Theatre on Monday evening last. A company of Hungarians, attired in the undress military uniform of their country—as appears usual with all musical bodies from that country—by aid of the vocal organs alone, imitated, in a most extraordinary manner, nearly every description of string, wind, and percussion instrument. A variety of solo and concerted pieces were introduced, and it is evident, from the perfect finish of their performance, that they must have practised together for a number of years. Many of the imitations, among which we may specify the piccolo, musical snuff-box, and opficleide, are exceedingly curious and perfectly unaccountable as to the mode in which they are done. Several pieces were encored. The only drawback to the real pleasure derived from the Organophonic performance will be found to consist in the distortion of the faces, which we suppose must be inevitable in such accomplishments. The Organophonic performances, however, are well worth a visit, and the curious cannot fail to be impressed by the prodigious results which have been achieved by perseverance and labour. To the scientific, also, the new Hungarian Company cannot fail to prove an object of interest, as it will doubtless excite their desire to discover by what means—purely vocal, as we are given to understand—certain sounds are produced. The performances have continued throughout the week, and have been well attended.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS returned to town on Monday last, from a visit to the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp at Middercourt, near Worcester.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)

In accordance with the published announcement, Mozart's grand opera of *Don Giovanni* was presented on Friday evening, Sept. 28, in our Theatre Royal, in presence of an audience which, we were glad to perceive, rather exceeded (if such were possible) the crowds and the crush of the previous nights of this engagement, the undertaking of which reflects so much honour on the enterprising lessee. It would seem as if a reaction had taken place in the public mind with regard to the operatic music of Mozart. Recollections of long-forgotten beauties would appear to be revived. Be this as it may, we have never seen the Theatre Royal so fully or fashionably crowded as it was on last evening.

We will, we trust, get credit at least for sincerity, let who will impeach our taste, whilst we record our feelings of intense gratification at the revival, after a lapse of many years, of this grand opera, one which is peculiarly valuable to all whose love of music is not a mere compliance with fashion, chiefly as proving the all-

embracing power of true genius and its versatile and comprehensive faculty, as developed in the matchless powers of a master of the divine art, whose gifted mind revelled by turns in every department of musical achievement—whose warm heart and vivid impulses found a language in music for the interpretation of thoughts too deep for words, and whose imaginative might, after having exhausted all themes of human conception, sought and found in the mysteries of Christian faith—themes at last worthy of a mind like his, and capable of stimulating to enthusiasm a temperament in the highest degree sensitive, and gifted with a true appreciation of the splendour and wide-spreading grandeur of religion as a source of poetic inspiration, and a subject of harmonic composition. The celebrity of Mozart, as the renowned composer of religious music, seems to have outshone his fame as a creator of opera. All enthusiasts in Mozart's music—who are versed in the history of his brilliant, but, alas, brief biography—are, doubtless, well acquainted with the fact, that the opera of *Don Giovanni* was undertaken by the great composer, solely in compliance with an imperial mandate, or rather request. Many devoted lovers of opera can remember with us the time when Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was presented at the Theatre Royal, by a company, including Signora Casari (a perfect contralto), Signora Kintnerland (a delicious alto soprano), and the celebrated tenor *Curioni*, with the glorious old *De Begnis* as basso, with a clever accessory corps, succeeded in delighting our Dublin citizens. But the dazzling and seducing operas of Rossini became the fashion, to be superseded in their turn by the plaintive, delicate, and romantic strains of Bellini; and these again pushed afterwards, in a great measure, off the operatic stage, by the fantasies and opera balladism of Donizetti, and latest still by the "*finatico per la musica*" of Verdi—all masters in their own way—but, we should say, not founders of any enduring school of musical composition, nor likely to live as authorities and standards of musical taste in after times.

It is, at least, complimentary to the Irish public that this distinguished pair of operatic artists, Grisi and Mario, have decided in producing an opera of Mozart. It seems to us to be either a recognition of public taste, or a judicious compliance with an influential request.

But whatever may have been the impulsive cause, the result on last evening was truly delightful. The opera of *Don Giovanni* requires for its presentation the presence and exercise of a large amount of vocal talent, and it is but mere justice to state that the presentation of this great opera on last evening was perfect so far as it went. The part of Don Giovanni was sustained by Signor Fred Lablache. Don Ottavio was personated by Signor Mario; the gentle and spirited Donna Anna was represented by Madame Grisi. Madlle Bertrandi upheld the part of Zerlina, and the Donna Elvira was right well impersonated by Miss Louisa Clarke, who appeared for the first time as an operatic artiste. The part of Don Pedro was sustained by Signor Galli, and the role of the Italian peasant, Zerlina's lover, Mazetto, was ably rendered by that most devoted and enthusiastic of opera providores, Signor Salabert. The accessory parts were well sustained, and though brief our space, we must accord due credit to the choruses. The orchestral department evinced its perfectitude in the performance of the overture, and also in the tasteful and correct style of its accompaniments, in all reflecting the highest credit on the Messrs. Frank Mori and Levey, the conductor and leader.

With regard to the opera itself, we can bear witness to the delight to which the various exquisite *morceaux* of melody heard by many for the first time, and by others, associated with happy memories, were heard and received. We can but allude to the several beauties of this glorious opera very briefly. The duetto "*Fuggi, fuggi*," by Grisi and Mario, was exquisitely rendered. Miss Clarke's rendering of the aria, "*Ah che me dice*," was beautiful. She was encored and applauded with enthusiasm. This young artiste is a pupil of our townsman, Gustavus Geary. Signor Susini, as Leporello succeeded in amusing the house. His acting was not less clever, and his musical version of the history of Don Giovanni's amours was encored. The various gems of this gorgeous opera are too well known to render it necessary to recapitulate them. The duetto, "*La ci darem*" brought out

Mdlle. Bertrandi, with Mario, in a gush of harmony such as we have rarely heard equalled. In the duet, at the close of the first act, "Batti, batti," the vocalism of Signor Bertrandi, with Signor Salabert (with violoncello accompaniment), was excellent. The knowledge of music and refined taste of "Dear old Salabert," accompanying the not too powerful voice of Signora Bertrandi, drew down plaudits from the entire audience.

We can only mention the few more prominent beauties of the piece—the "Mi Tradi," the superb quartett "Nonte fidar," were all exquisitely rendered. Mario's singing of the delicious aria—"Il mio tesoro," was heard with breathless delight, and then greeted with peals of reiterated plaudits.

The scenic arrangements were perfect, and the lurid brilliancy, and rather terrific effect of Don Giovanni's exit into Hades, from the gala glory of his banquet, were portrayed with impressiveness.

At the request of a numerous and influential section of our Dublin gentry, the opera of *Norma* was repeated on Saturday evening—a rich treat to be sure, and one which the *devotes* and amateurs of dramatic vocalism are of course prepared to appreciate, more especially when the chief burden of its music happens to be sustained by Grisi and Mario, assisted by a *troupe* of such auxiliaries. The universal consensus of the musical world has identified the vocal fame and dramatic power of Grisi with the personation of the "Druid priestess," even as the part of Richard III. was associated with the histrionic genius of Edmund Kean; yet it is well known that Kean was greater as an actor in his delineations of other parts (Sir Giles Overreach for instance), and we hesitate not to assert that there be *roles* of operatic character, other than that of *Norma*, in which the vocal gifts and dramatic capabilities of Grisi are even more remarkably transcendent. We are much gratified to find that there still exists a chance of our public enjoying some further variety in the performances of this distinguished corps of artistes.

In our notice of the opera of last Saturday week—when *Norma* was first presented on that occasion—we had to record the attendance of an audience crowded in the extreme, as well as in the highest degree fashionable. Since then we have had many opportunities of testifying to the brilliant and overflowing patronage accorded to the Theatre Royal during this operatic engagement. In fact, we have all but exhausted our stock of superlatives in seeking to describe the succession of teeming houses which have witnessed each successive opera; and now with regard to Saturday evening's audience, we are driven to the expedient of entreating such of our readers as were not then present, but who have been in attendance on previous nights, to imagine the toppling galleries, the crushed and crowded pit, and the thronged array of beauty and fashion in the boxes, as witnessed on these foregoing evenings, and if it be possible to conceive some additional crushing, then we should say that something like a just idea might be formed of the extent and character of last Saturday evening's audience. The cast of characters in *Norma* on this occasion was exactly the same as when presented on the evening of Saturday week. The appearance of Grisi in the first act, was the signal for a thrilling burst of plaudits from every part of the house. There is truly something nobly applicable in the stage face and *personnel* of Grisi to the interpretation of the character, of the passion-smitten, yet noble-minded "Druidess"—there is something poetically suitable in her majestic bearing and stage *maniere*, to the generally received conception of this operatic outline of a great dramatic part; and it is but just to add, that her magnificent voice seems to derive increased splendour, and to be fraught with a more vivid and passionate beauty, whilst she utters in tones of thrilling melody those feelings of slighted love and meditated vengeance, maternal affection, and maddening despair, woman's weakness, and devoted heroism, that constitute the beauties and sustain the interest of this opera, which, like so many others of the modern school, owes so little to its libretto, and so much to its music.

It would be but recapitulating all we have said in our former notice of this opera were we to speak in detail of its various gems of harmony as rendered by Grisi, or of their rapturous reception by the audience.

Mario was in far better voice on this occasion than on any previous evening that we have heard him recently. The fatigues of travelling so soon after the tremendous vocal exertion which the tenor was called on to make during the late musical festival in England must have told heavily against vocal capabilities so severely taxed with brief intermission. Some weariness was evident in his first appearance; but on Saturday evening he shone forth in all the vigour and splendour belonging to his matchless voice. In his solos, and in the duetto passages also, he was brilliant in the extreme, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause.

Madlle. Bertrandi seems to have laid a foundation of solid popularity among the lovers of opera in Dublin. We venture assert that the announcement of her name on future occasions will be received with appreciation. Her Adalgisa was admirable as a piece of acting, and in the celebrated duetto with Grisi "Si fino al ore" a rapturous encore was followed by peals of plaudits.

We have sincere pleasure in bearing testimony to the increasing and deserved popularity of Signor Susini as a baritone of power and taste. His part of Oroveso was nobly sustained. Signor Galli as before upheld the part of Flavio with judgment and effect. The other parts were creditably sustained; the chorusses (of Druids, &c.) were admirable, the scenery was superb, and in all the opera went off with brilliant *ecclat*. Grisi was led before the curtains, and wreaths and bouquets literally showered at her feet from the boxes.

Mr. Harris, the enterprising manager, having been loudly called for, came forth and was received with deafening cheers. He said—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have to thank you most sincerely for the kind patronage which you have extended towards me, and I beg to assure you that everything shall be done on my part to merit its continuance. The present brilliant company of Italian vocalists I have succeeded in engaging for three nights longer (cheers), and they will appear again before you on Monday (the 4th of October), on Tuesday (the 5th), and on Wednesday (the 6th), and I am obliged most positively to assure you that those occasions are the last on which those eminent artistes can appear in Dublin this season." The manager, after repeating his grateful acknowledgments to his kind patrons, retired amidst renewed and enthusiastic plaudits.

The last act of the *Elisir d'Amore* followed, in which Signor Galvani appeared to advantage in the part of Nemorina. Mdlle. Bertrandi sustained the part of Adina, Signor Susini enacted Dulcamara, and F. Lablache Belcore. The duetto between Galvani and Lablache was superb. The buffo duet "Quanto Amore," by Susini and Bertrandi was loudly applauded, and the Romanza, "Una furtiva," by Galvani, was rapturously encored, and the finale (from Rode's airs) was received, as it deserved, with delighted cheering.

THE BROKEN LEG.—Handel, the composer, aimed at passing for a *connoisseur* in every branch of art and science. During his stay in London, one of his friends sent him, from a sea-port in America, the following letter:—

"The following fact appears to me worthy of your attention. A cabin-boy fell from the mast on the deck and broke his leg; they bound it tightly with cord rubbed with resin and brandy, and, a minute afterwards, they boy could use it as well as he did before the accident happened."

The illustrious composer did not fail to communicate this news to the College of Surgeons, vouching the same time, for the veracity of his correspondent. This caused a great stir in the medical world; and it was even reported that a doctor was going to print a learned dissertation, to prove the manner in which this wonderful cure must have been effected, when Handel received a second letter containing the following phrase:—

"I forgot a trifling circumstance in the account of the accident I gave you in my last; the leg that the cabin-boy broke was a wooden one."

THE CRACK COMPOSER.—Verdi, who is said to have cracked more voices than any other composer. (*Punch*.)

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